

## How a Little Japanese Fencer Easily Knocked Out Five New York Toughs.

WHO has not been thrilled when reading accounts of how the Viscount de Bragellone and Athos and d'Artagnan and other of Dumas's guardmen defended themselves against overwhelming odds with their swords? Who is there, who, when reading of the encounter between five highwaymen and little Rosa Muto, a Japanese, in Brooklyn the other night, was not delighted at the result of the Occidental's swordsmanship? Muto nearly killed three of his assailants, and put the other two to flight. He did it with a sword nearly as big as himself, and displayed a skill with the weapon that was remarkable. And yet it is said that in his native land Muto would be considered only a mediocre swordsman.

Since prehistoric times swordsmanship has been considered an art in Japan, and the Samurai (swordsmen) have been looked upon as the flower of the army. They have been the mainstay of the Government in war and in peace, and to be one of them was considered an honor. Young men of the leading families have been enrolled among the Samurai, and have devoted their lives to swordsmanship. Of the Samurai there is only one in this country, and he is acknowledged one of the greatest swordsmen Japan has produced. His name is Taneyoshi Kawakami, born and raised in the province of Ehime. He



## How Brute Strength May Be Overcome by the Nimble Use of a Stick.

The combat begins. The man stands erect, resting his weight upon his right foot, which is forward. The left one rests only on the toes, the reason being that if his opponent should strike a hard blow he would not be thrown over backward. The little woman, who a few minutes before appeared meek and quiet in American clothes, has been transformed into a ferocious fury. Her eyes glitter, her face is flushed, she crouches like a cat ready to spring. They salute and then get to work. It is not long before they give each other. They hit hard—the swords clash angrily, the sparks fly from the armor and dents are made in the protecting steel. It is a real battle, and it is fascinating to watch. The

man alters the course of his weapon, and it lands with a clash on the woman's shoulder. His triumph is brief, however, for in another second she has cracked him hard on the arm. He retaliates by touching her ungaily on the helmet. She returns the blow by hitting him across the chest. Time is wasted here, and they doff their accoutrements. The exhibition is over. Mr. Sakamura, a member of the club, explained Japanese fencing. "The Japanese style is far superior to the French or the Italian school. Their method is to thrust. The cavalry soldier slashes. The Japanese does both. He thrusts or slashes; he need not stand root-

This encounter proves beyond doubt that the Japanese style of swordsmanship is a splendid means of defense in case of a multiple attack, and that a man thus skilled could, though only armed with a short cane, give a very good account of himself. Muto managed to put all three of his assailants hors de combat within a few moments, and with practically three movements of his weapon. The first tried to hold the blade of the sword, and nearly had his hand cut in

taught Muto how to fence, and could successfully cope with three Mutos, so skilful is he. Kawakami is short of stature, as are most Japanese, and is not as muscular as might be supposed. His arms are sinewy, but not overburdened with muscle, but his shoulders are immense for a man of his size. He is as quick as a flash, and uses his feet as much as he does his arms. He gave an exhibition for the Sunday Journal the other night at the Japanese

Club, in Brooklyn, his opponent being his wife, Masumi, a diminutive woman, 4 feet 8½ inches in height, and weighing only eighty-nine pounds. Despite her handicap she made her liege lord "hustle," and gave him many a rap that made him wince. First they fought with sticks made of bamboo rods tied together. The fighters wore padded breastplates and coverings for the arms and head. The play with the sticks, which are five feet long, resembles the quarterstaff play.

But this stick work was play to what followed. After resting a few minutes, Kawakami and his wife donned their armor for real fighting. This armor consisted of three parts—one to protect the chest and back; the second for the shoulders and arms, and the third for the lower body and legs. It is made of the hardest steel, one-quarter of an inch thick, and weighs about fifty pounds. The armor did not consist of solid plates, but of strips of steel, held together by

things of leather. The whole affair was strapped on by silken cords. In their hands the fencers held the famous "shinai," or war sword, four feet long and weighing about fifteen pounds. The handle of steel is protected by a guard, both being lacquered in blue. The blade is about one and a half inches wide and has a razor edge. On the whole, the weapon resembles a cavalry sabre, save that the hilt is straight and nearly twice as long.

face is unprotected, and many a stroke passes in dangerous proximity. The woman is the aggressor. She flies at her husband like a whirlwind. She circles around him, she slashes, she cuts, she lunges with the rapidity of lightning. Quick as she is, the man is quicker. He parries every blow with his blade or his handle. They come closer. The man feints, as though to stab straight at the woman's heart. She pushes her sword diagonally across to parry. Even while in motion

ed to one spot, as does the Italian. He can jump as far away from his opponent as he desires. And if hard pressed he can grasp his enemy's sword and can throw him down. "A good swordsman can cleave a man in two with one stroke—cut him in two from head to foot. Three famous Samurai are on record as having done that—Yamaji, Aoki and Baidanemon. They were tremendously powerful men and were famous in their line."

## THE GREAT IRISH FAIR OPENS TO-MORROW.

There is a stone there  
That, whoever kisses,  
Oh! he never misses  
To grow eloquent.  
'Tis he may clamber  
To a lady's chamber,  
Or become a member  
Of Parliament;  
A clever speaker  
He'll soon turn out, or  
An out-and-outier.  
"To be let alone,"  
Don't hope to hinder him,  
Or to bewilder him.  
Sure he's a pilgrim  
From the Blarney stone.  
—Reliques of Father Prout.

EVERYBODY in this vicinity may be "a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone" beginning to-morrow night, when the Irish Fair opens at the Grand Central Palace. The Blarney Stone will be there, just as it is at Blarney Castle.

At the right hand of the stage in the main hall the ten of Blarney Castle will be reproduced in fact, as a part of the Journal's exhibit. At a spot in the center of the reproduction there will be set the section of the genuine stone secured by Mr. Thomas McVeigh, Jr., the Journal's special commissioner to Ireland. That there may be no question as to the genuineness of the stone there is reproduced on this page the certificate given to Mr. McVeigh by the Hon. Patrick Hugh Meade, Mayor of Cork. The fair altogether will be the most unique exhibition in the history of New York. The pretty girls who will be in charge of the various booths will constitute a drawing card the powers of which cannot even be estimated. Every one of the thirty-two counties in Ireland will be represented by a separate booth, and the Greater New York district has been gone over with a drag net to secure for attendance at these booths the brightest and best looking girls that could be found.

Each county has been carefully organized by the ladies who have charge of the exhibition, and there will be fervent rivalry between the organizations for first place. Ireland and America both have been thoroughly drummed up for exhibits of an interesting and historic character, with the result that there has been collected enough material to stock the tremendous museum. Besides the county booths there will be a large booth devoted to the Irish Volunteers and the exhibit made by the Journal. At the Irish Volunteers' booth, which will be located on the stage at the back of the exhibition hall, Mrs. James Moran, the wife of Colonel Moran, chairman of the Executive Committee of the fair, will preside. She will have as assistants a score or more of active young ladies, all of whom would draw prizes in a beauty show.

The Journal's exhibit will occupy the entire of the main floor, a section of the all to the right of the stage and another

section outside the main hall. Mr. McVeigh, during his trip to Ireland on behalf of the Journal, secured such a large list of features that it has been found impossible to locate them all in one place.

The main exhibit in the center of the hall will be practically a section of Ireland transplanted to America. The floor of this space, which takes in the whole center of the main hall, will be composed of genuine Irish soil. Under the direction of the National Federation of Ireland a bag of soil was dug in each of the thirty-two counties of Ireland. It was carefully packed in canvas bags and shipped during the past week workmen have been busy laying out the floor in thirty-two sections to represent the various counties, and under the personal supervision of Colonel Moran and Mr. McVeigh the soil was laid section by section to follow as nearly as possible the Irish county lines. In their appropriate places within the county lines there will be located the various features that the Journal's commissioner secured for the fair. There will be a reproduction of the famous Treaty Stone of Limerick, reproductions of the Wishing Cross at Glen-da-lough, the grave of Robert Emmet, the Giant's Wishing Well and Brian Boru's Well. The Hill of Tara will be reproduced by earth taken from the hill in Ireland and covered with sod dug on the hill. There will also be a peat bog and field. St. Kibbin's Wishing Chair and Baptismal Font have been secured, as well as Daniel O'Connell's umbrella which sheltered him while he addressed the multitude on the Hill of Tara, and a multitude of other historic relics.

A feature that lacks historic interest, but which will draw probably more than some of the relics, will be a group of three Irish animals that journeyed with Mr. McVeigh in happy companionship from their native soil to the land of the Stars and Stripes. The group comprises a goat, a donkey and a lamb, all Irish from the tips of their hoofs to the ends of their noses. It may be found necessary to surround these interesting exhibits with a barbed wire fence in order to prevent the ladies and children from carrying them off. They are to be the mascots of the fair, and as a tribute to their drawing qualities they are portrayed on this page of the Journal. The goat was presented to Mr. McVeigh for the fair by P. D. O'Brien, J. P. of Cork, a brother of the late John D. O'Brien, of this city, who was one of the most popular Irish-Americans in this section. The donkey is the gift of Alderman John Hooper, of Dublin, editor of the Evening Telegraph of that city.

"Faddy Barrett," the famous guide at Glen-da-lough, and one of the best-known figures in Ireland, presented the lamb, which is a soft-eyed specimen of the finest breed of the old country. At the close of the exhibition the animals will be sold to



Mayor's Room,  
Municipal Buildings,  
Cork.

14th April, 1897

I hereby certify that Mr. Thomas McVeigh, Jr., the New York Journal Commissioner and the representative of the United Irish Societies of New York, having in charge the Irish Palace Building Fair, to be held in New York City from May 10th to Decoration Day 1897 has secured a piece of the real Blarney Stone from Blarney Castle for exhibition at said fair. Mr. McVeigh has the signature of Sir George St. John Colthurst, Bart., Owner of Blarney Castle as to the genuineness of the stones taken from the Castle. The stones were secured in the presence of Sir George St. John Colthurst, Bart. and Mr. McVeigh by James Harrington, the Steward of Sir George Colthurst's Estate



Patrick Hugh Meade  
Mayor of Cork  
1897

Augustus Roche Ald. S. P.  
City Mayor.

HERE'S THE PROOF THAT THE REAL BLARNEY STONE HAS COME.

the highest bidder.

A jaunting car built especially for the Journal by Thomas W. Doyle, of Dublin, the most famous manufacturer in all Ireland, will share in a measure the honor with the mascots. Few persons born in this country know what a jaunting car is like. The one brought over by the Journal commissioner typifies all the best points characteristic of Ireland's national vehicle. It will be driven by an experienced handler of the reins, and for a small fee any one may have a ride, the proceeds going to swell the building fund.

Going back to the historical, there will be shown two papers secured by Mr. McVeigh in Ireland and brought to this country under heavy hands. The first of these papers is the Hibernian Chronicle, of Cork, dated Monday, June 18, 1798. It contains a full account of the execution of the patriot, John James Colley, on Pooden Heath, near Malinbeg. The account as printed in the Chronicle is one of the most graphic pieces of reporting on record, and at this time, when the 98th centennial is almost at hand, this paper, printed 100 years ago, has a peculiar and significant interest. The account of the execution takes up practically the whole front page of the Chronicle, which was a four-column, four-page sheet, edited by William Flynn. Colley, it is shown by this publication, which was printed under censorship, died as he lived, a hero. He was as calm on the scaffold as though he was out for a morning constitutional.

Not less interesting than this historic newspaper is an original copy of a bulletin issued from Dublin Castle by the British Government on May 15, 1798, with a postscript, dated May 20 the same year, giving a stirring account of the capture of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the most romantic character in the insurrection of '98.

This bulletin is a sheet of heavy yellow paper about the size of a sheet of foolscap and printed on one side. In the first paragraph it is announced that "The Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council of Ireland" had issued the order of a reward of one thousand pounds for the capture of Lord Edward. In the postscript this account of the "rebel's" capture is given:

Yesterday evening information having been given of the place in which Lord Edward Fitzgerald concealed himself, Mr. Justice Swan, Major Sirr and Captain Ryan, with a small guard, went in two coaches to the house of one Murphy, a feather merchant in Thomas street. Major Sirr proceeded to plant sentinels in the different doors of the house; Mr. Swan and Captain Ryan rushed in and ran up to a room two pairs of stairs backwards. Mr. Swan, having first reached the door, opened it and told Lord Edward, who lay

upon a bed in his dressing gown and breeches, that he had a warrant against him, adding, "You know me, my Lord, and I know you; it will be in vain to resist." They approached each other; his lordship, on their meeting, stabbed Mr. Swan with a dagger; the latter fired, they struggled; Lord Edward, in the struggle wounded him a second time in the back; the dagger glanced upon his ribs; Mr. Swan staggered back, crying out that he was killed. Captain Ryan by this time arrived and rushed in; he presented a pocket pistol, it missed fire; he drew a sword from his stick, the sword bent double upon the body of Lord Edward, the latter staggered and fell backward on the bed; Captain Ryan threw himself upon him; Lord Edward plunged the dagger into Captain Ryan; they grappled with each other, Captain Ryan endeavoring to wrest the dagger; Lord Edward stabbed him and eluded his grasp. The whole business was so instantaneous that Major Sirr had only time to reach the room door from hearing the discharge of the first shot, which had alarmed him; he rushed in, saw Captain Ryan and Lord Edward struggling and entwined upon the floor. Major Sirr discharged a pistol, wounding Lord Edward in the shoulder; the latter then cried out for mercy and was secured. Some of Captain Ryan's wounds are of the most alarming nature; he has received no less than fourteen stab wounds in different parts of his body; of these one is particularly alarming. It is situated under the left ribs, and though there is every reason to hope that the intestines are uninjured we cannot venture to pronounce him out of danger. Mr. Swan's wounds are not so serious; they are likely soon to heal. Lord Edward was sent from the castle after a short examination to Newgate. His wounds are supposed to be but slight.

Lord Fitzgerald died not long afterward in prison from the wounds received in this trouble. So far as known the only copies of this bulletin and of the Hibernian Chronicle that exist outside of museums are the two examples that have been loaned for the Journal's exhibit. They have a sentimental value that appeals not only to Irishmen, but to the world generally. In order to help along the fair fund the Journal will print 20,000 facsimile reproductions of each of the papers, and during the progress of the fair these reproductions will be sold by the ladies who will be in charge of the Journal's exhibit. The County Organization booths and the Volunteer booth will have any number of exhibits that from a historic standpoint will be of exceptional interest.